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MOTHER EARTH

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REMONSTRANCE

By GRACE FALLOW NORTON.

They told my heart to be glad
Because of the Presence of Joy,
And the Wonder of Life.
But faithful I was, and sad:

For how should a heart be happy
When there are prisons in the lands;
When the cells are full of sick souls,
And none understands?
O 'tis I would be made to mourn
If one cruel fortress frowned!
For I dwell in each cell, my hands
With the bound are bound.

And they were astonished.
"Thou,—bid thy soul but sing
The praises of joy,
And joy thou wilt find," they said.

But how should a soul go singing,
When little children with hunger have cried,
And now, when they cry with cold, none
Cries out beside?
O 'tis I would be made to mourn
If one little child lacked bread;
For I waste with the wasted life,
Their blood on my head.

Then bitterly wondering they cried:
"Keep thine own soul pure;
Do thy duty; be good.
'Tis enough." But my grief replied:

How may a soul go unstained?
What is this goodness? What is duty?
I know only the one law—
To build for Beauty.
And how may we build whose bread,
Whose breath, but share in the crime,
The shadowing terror, the shame,
Of a shameful time?

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OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

THE Open Road is dark and stormy. It leads to Freedom, but it is full of pitfalls and dangers, and many have perished on the way.

But not in vain. Their footprints point the way. Their beautiful white souls have turned into little golden sparks. The Road grows lighter. Here and there golden clusters blaze up into flames. They burst into fires. Soon the way will be clear, the darkness dispelled.

Sacred be the memory of the little golden sparks.

* * *

"HARD times" is one of those magic terms with which the popular mind is systematically enslaved. Times are hard because the earth and its resources are monopolized by legalized privilege. Liberate labor; abolish the restrictions on the right to work; make access to the land and to the machinery of production free, and hard times will disappear.

* * *

THE high priests of Vested Rights were ever adepts in popular psychology. Full well they know how to exploit for their own ends the mob's proverbial love of play. In ancient Rome the rumblings of approaching social storm were generally successfully stilled by public plays, given free by the masters.

Modern rulers have improved on the ancient method. They, too, indulge a dissatisfied people with play, with the difference that nowadays the people themselves pay for the entertainment.

From time to time, according to the public pulse, the masters invite the people to a jolly comedy. A trust magnate is led into the arena and made to perform. He twists and squirms, grimaces and wriggles to the immense edification of the good people. But when the play is over, the dupes are made to foot the bill, to the jubilant refrain of the masters, "We forget, forget."

* * *

THE political circus over, the chief clowns are receiving well-merited reward. Nor are the performers in the labor ring neglected. S. B. Donnelly, of the Building Trades Council, has been presented with the juicy plum of Public Printer, while Daniel J. Keefe, President of the Longshoremen's Union, succeeds that other labor worthy, Frank P. Sargent, as Commissioner General of Immigration.

American labor has cause to be proud of its achievements. What if the lot of the workingman is steadily growing worse, exploitation and oppression more severe; what if strikers are unmercifully shot down on the least provocation, the unions judicially castrated, and virtually ruled out of existence by injunctions? If labor organizations cannot improve the conditions of work, they may at least serve as political stepping stones for the Powderlys, Sargents, Donnellys, Keefes.

Noble American labor!

* * *

OUR step-brothers, the Socialists, are congratulating themselves upon their great "victory" in the recent political campaign. According to their own most favorable estimates, the total Socialist vote this year will almost approximate that of four years ago. Wonderful progress, indeed.

The pride of the Socialists is their disgrace. They have converted an originally liberating movement into a political party, intent upon making votes rather than Socialists. The inevitable results are apparent, in Germany, France, as well as in the United States. As a

revolutionary factor Social Democracy has become emasculated, ineffective, absolutely without any educational significance in the life of the world. Instead of holding aloft the torch of enlightenment, modern Socialism has fallen to the level of ordinary bourgeois politics, reactionary, compromising, strengthening by all its methods and tactics the very evils against which original Socialism was a protest.

The tragedy of political Socialism consists in this: it has ceased to be progressive without having attained political significance. Socialism has no future. The line of demarkation has already disappeared between Republicanism and Democracy. The platforms of both old parties contain many "Socialistic" planks. Gradually, but inevitably, political Socialism will merge into, and be absorbed by, the old parties, and a one-time grand ideal will have disappeared in the quicksands of parliamentarism.

* * *

THE Pardon Board of that most virtuous State, Pennsylvania, has refused liberty to the Italian workingmen languishing in the Eastern Penitentiary at Philadelphia. The news does not come to us quite unexpectedly. The Board consists of the Lieutenant Governor, Attorney General, and other State Honorables. Can sympathy be expected from those fat, sleek gentlemen for some poor Italians, driven into the streets by hunger and arrested as "rioters" for daring publicly to expose their misery? Order must be preserved, and an example made of those who disturb the official equanimity by the sight of their ragged and starved bodies.

Ah, if it were some industrial magnate, whose "unsuccessful speculations" with other people's money suffered an untimely discovery, how quickly the honorable gentlemen of the Pardon Board would fly to his rescue. Decent folk would breathe a sigh of relief and heartily commend the authorities for the clemency shown the unfortunate victim of adverse financial conditions. "It is so distressing, you know. A man of his station in life to be thrown into the company of felons." But those low workingmen! How dare they disturb the social peace with their impudent cries of hunger.

SUPPRESSION of popular rights has become such a common occurrence in this country that it hardly arouses any comment. Evidently the Federal government is encouraged by the public indifference, and is determined to deprive us even of the last vestiges of free press.

Having recently suppressed *La Questione Sociale* in a most arbitrary manner, the people remaining passively acquiescent in the outrage, the Washington authorities have taken another step. The last two issues of *Volne Listy,* an Anarchist weekly in the Bohemian language, have been refused passage through the mails, thus practically suppressing the publication. In vain the protests of the publishers; in vain even submitted translations of the governmentally interdicted articles. The powers that be are not to be moved by out-of-date appeals to constitutional liberties.

Some people are still inclined to believe it an exaggeration when the statement is made that we enjoy less liberty in this country than do some European lands,—England and France, for instance. Yet such, unfortunately, is the fact.

Ridiculous, indeed, we must appear in European eyes with our eternal boasts of being the freeest country on earth. *Volne Listy* was suppressed because of an article by Peter Kropotkin—a translation from the Parisian *Temps Nouveaux!*

Not content with the rôle of censor of our own press, the Federal government presumes even to exclude from the mails French publications sent to American subscribers. Thus our postal authorities recently returned to Paris as "prohibited matter" a bundle containing half a dozen brochures and a copy of the *Journal d'une femme de chambre,* by Mirbeau.

We shut our hospitable doors against Anarchists. We suppress free speech at home, and set ourselves up as censors of free thought abroad. The Roosevelts need not envy the Tsar. Their power is far more absolute, their methods more arbitrary, their will the sole law of the land.

But—has ever the tyranny of imperial Cossacks succeeded in assassinating the spirit of Liberty?

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN ANARCHISM?

At this late day of general human interest in social questions, Anarchism stands out as the most misunderstood—though most vital—subject of the day. The ignorant mind may content itself with the popular version of Anarchism as synonymous with chaos and disorder. But the thoughtful student must go beyond the flimsy, superficial interpretation of a world-philosophy, such as Anarchism really is. For it is safe to say that no other theory of individual regeneration and social reconstruction has so penetrated every domain of human thought as Anarchism. Poets like Shelley and Byron; thinkers like Humboldt and Spencer; philosophers like Emerson and Thoreau, all sang the song of human liberty, extolling Anarchism as that one theory which embodies all elements of freedom.

That the intellectual world of America should be so little conversant with this fact is to be regretted, indeed; yet it is so. There are but few, very few, who know anything about the philosophy of Proudhon, Bakunin, and Kropotkin, beyond the definition in Webster's,—a very time-worn definition.

MOTHER EARTH, *an Anarchist monthly in this country, has long felt the need of a wider knowledge in that direction. In a limited way it has attempted to acquaint the intelligent reader with the real meaning of Anarchism, conscious of the fact, however, that the thoughtful student must have every theory thoroughly explained from a scientific and logical standpoint.*

To make this possible, MOTHER EARTH *is now commencing a series of articles on Anarchism in relation to every phase of human life. For that purpose we have secured the collaboration of men and women of national and international repute, each one taking a different department, suitable to his or her special fitness and inclination.*

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE, *one of America's ablest literary women, begins the series in the current number with an article on* ANARCHISM AND AMERICAN TRADITIONS.

DR. H. SOLOTAROFF *will contribute on the* SCIENTIFIC ASPECTS OF ANARCHISM.

C. L. JAMES, *the author of a very able History of the French Revolution, will treat of* ANARCHISM AND THE MALTHUSIAN THEORY; *also of* THE ECONOMICS OF ANARCHISM.

CARL WALTER, *journalist and author, will write on* ANARCHISM AND RELIGION.

JOHN R. CORYELL, ANARCHISM AND THE HOME.

MAX BAGINSKI, ANARCHISM IN MODERN LITERATURE.

HIPPOLYTE HAVEL, ANARCHISM: ITS DEVELOPMENT IN EUROPE.

H. M. KELLY, ANARCHIST COMMUNISM.

JOHN TURNER, *well-known in the labor movement of Europe and this country, and the first Anarchist victim of our immigration authorities, will write on* ANARCHISM AND TRADE UNIONISM.

Besides the names mentioned we expect contributions from PETER KROPOTKIN, W. TSCHERKESOFF, DR. MAX NETLAU, VICTOR DAVE, EMMA GOLDMAN, AND ALEXANDER BERKMAN, *on* ANARCHISM AND EDUCATION, ANARCHISM IN HISTORY, THE CHILD, CRIME AND PUNISHMENT, ACTS OF VIOLENCE, *etc.*

The various contributions, each comprising two or more articles, will first appear in MOTHER EARTH, *then to be issued in pamphlet form, especially adapted for the use of libraries as reference material.*

We now call upon all those interested in sociology—particularly students, instructors, and professors—to assist us in this great and important work by sending their subscriptions to MOTHER EARTH *as soon as possible. We want to know, especially, just how many educators are earnestly desirous of learning the truth about Anarchism. After all, every theory must be judged by its merits.* MOTHER EARTH *proposes to set forth these merits in the coming series.*

All subscriptions ($1.00 *per year*) *and communications to be addressed to*

MOTHER EARTH,

210 *East* 13*th Street, New York City.*

EMMA GOLDMAN, *Publisher.*

ANARCHISM AND AMERICAN TRADITIONS

By VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

AMERICAN traditions, begotten of religious rebellion, small self-sustaining communities, isolated conditions, and hard pioneer life, grew during the colonization period of one hundred and seventy years from the settling of Jamestown to the outburst of the Revolution. This was in fact the great constitution-making epoch, the period of charters guaranteeing more or less of liberty, the general tendency of which is well described by Wm. Penn in speaking of the charter for Pennsylvania: "I want to put it out of my power, or that of my successors, to do mischief."

The Revolution is the sudden and unified consciousness of these traditions, their loud assertion, the blow dealt by their indomitable will against the counter force of tyranny, which has never entirely recovered from the blow, but which from then till now has gone on remolding and regrappling the instruments of governmental power, that the Revolution sought to shape and hold as defenses of liberty.

To the average American of to-day, the Revolution means the series of battles fought by the patriot army with the armies of England. The millions of school children who attend our public schools are taught to draw maps of the siege of Boston and the siege of Yorktown, to know the general plan of the several campaigns, to quote the number of prisoners of war surrendered with Burgoyne; they are required to remember the date when Washington crossed the Delaware on the ice; they are told to "Remember Paoli," to repeat "Molly Stark's a widow," to call General Wayne "Mad Anthony Wayne," and to execrate Benedict Arnold; they know that the Declaration of Independence was signed on the Fourth of July, 1776, and the Treaty of Paris in 1783; and then they think they have learned the Revolution—blessed be George Washington! They have no idea why it should have been called a "revolution" instead of the "English war," or any similar title; it's the name of it, that's all. And name-worship, both in child and man, has acquired such mastery of them, that the name "American Revolution" is held sacred, though it means to them nothing

more than successful force, while the name "Revolution" applied to a further possibility, is a spectre detested and abhorred. In neither case have they any idea of the content of the word, save that of armed force. That has already happened, and long happened, which Jefferson foresaw when he wrote:

"The spirit of the times may alter, will alter. Our rulers will become corrupt, our people careless. A single zealot may become persecutor, and better men be his victims. It can never be too often repeated that the time for fixing every essential right, on a legal basis, is while our rulers are honest, ourselves united. *From the conclusion of this war we shall be going down hill.* It will not then be necessary to resort every moment to the people for support. They will be forgotten, therefore, and their rights disregarded. They will forget themselves in the sole faculty of making money, and will never think of uniting to effect a due respect for their rights. The shackles, therefore, which shall not be knocked off at the conclusion of this war, will be heavier and heavier, till our rights shall revive or expire in a convulsion."

To the men of that time, who voiced the spirit of that time, the battles that they fought were the least of the Revolution; they were the incidents of the hour, the things they met and faced as part of the game they were playing; but the stake they had in view, before, during, and after the war, the real Revolution, was a change in political institutions which should make of government not a thing apart, a superior power to stand over the people with a whip, but a serviceable agent, responsible, economical, and trustworthy (but never so much trusted as not to be continually watched), for the transaction of such business as was the common concern, and to set the limits of the common concern at the line where one man's liberty would encroach upon another's.

They thus took their starting point for deriving a minimum of government upon the same sociological ground that the modern Anarchist derives the no-government theory; viz., that equal liberty is the practical ideal. The difference lies in the belief, on the one hand, that the closest approximation to equal liberty might be best secured by the rule of the majority in those matters involving united action of any kind (which rule of the majority

they thought it possible to secure by a few simple arrangements for election), and, on the other hand, the belief that majority rule is both impossible and undesirable; that any government, no matter what its forms, will be manipulated by a very small minority, as the development of the State and United States governments have strikingly proved; that candidates will loudly profess allegiance to platforms before elections, which as officials in power they will openly disregard, to do as they please; and that even if the majority will could be imposed, it would also be subversive of equal liberty, which may be best secured by leaving to the voluntary association of those interested the management of matters of common concern, without coercion of the uninterested or the opposed.

Among the fundamental likenesses between the Revolutionary Republicans and the Anarchists is the recognition that the little must proceed the great; that the local must be the basis of the general; that there can be a free federation only when there are free communities to federate; that the spirit of the latter is carried into the councils of the former, and a local tyranny may thus become an instrument for general enslavement. Convinced of the supreme importance of ridding the municipalities of the institutions of tyranny, the most strenuous advocates of independence, instead of spending their efforts mainly in the general Congress, devoted themselves to their home localities, endeavoring to work out of the minds of their neighbors and fellow-colonists the institutions of entailed property, of a State-Church, of a class-divided people, even the institution of African slavery itself. Though largely unsuccessful, it is to the measure of success they did achieve that we are indebted for such liberties as we do retain, and not to the general government. They tried to inculcate local initiative and independent action. The author of the Declaration of Independence, who in the fall of '76 declined a re-election to Congress in order to return to Virginia and do his work in his own local assembly, in arranging there for public education which he justly considered a matter of "common concern," said his advocacy of public schools was not with any "view to take its ordinary branches out of the hands of private enterprise, which manages *so much better* the concerns

to which it is equal"; and in endeavoring to make clear the restrictions of the Constitution upon the functions of the general government, he likewise said: "Let the general government be reduced to foreign concerns only, and let our affairs be disentangled from those of all other nations, except as to commerce, *which the merchants will manage the better the more they are left free to manage for themselves,* and the general government may be reduced to a very simple organization, and a very inexpensive one; a few plain duties to be performed by a few servants." This then was the American tradition, that private enterprise manages better all that to which it is equal. Anarchism declares that private enterprise, whether individual or co-operative, is equal to all the undertakings of society. And it quotes the particular two instances, Education and Commerce, which the governments of the States and of the United States have undertaken to manage and regulate, as the very two which in operation have done more to destroy American freedom and equality, to warp and distort American tradition, to make of government a mighty engine of tyranny, than any other cause, save the unforeseen developments of Manufacture.

It was the intention of the Revolutionists to establish a system of common education, which should make the teaching of history one of its principal branches; not with the intent of burdening the memories of our youth with the dates of battles or the speeches of generals, nor to make of the Boston Tea Party Indians the one sacrosanct mob in all history, to be revered but never on any account to be imitated, but with the intent that every American should know to what conditions the masses of people had been brought by the operation of certain institutions, by what means they had wrung out their liberties, and how those liberties had again and again been filched from them by the use of governmental force, fraud, and privilege. Not to breed security, laudation, complacent indolence, passive quiescence in the acts of a government protected by the label "home-made," but to beget a wakeful jealousy, a never-ending watchfulness of rulers, a determination to squelch every attempt of those entrusted with power to encroach upon the sphere of individual action—this was the prime motive of the revolutionists in endeavoring to provide for common education.

"Confidence," said the revolutionists who adopted the Kentucky Resolutions, "is everywhere the parent of despotism; free government is founded in jealousy, not in confidence; it is jealousy, not confidence, which prescribes limited constitutions to bind down those whom we are obliged to trust with power; that our Constitution has accordingly fixed the limits to which, and no further, our confidence may go. * * * In questions of power, let no more be heard of confidence in man, but bind him down from mischief by the chains of the Constitution."

These resolutions were especially applied to the passage of the Alien laws by the monarchist party during John Adams's administration, and were an indignant call from the State of Kentucky to repudiate the right of the general government to assume undelegated powers, for, said they, to accept these laws would be "to be bound by laws made, not with our consent, but by others against our consent—that is, to surrender the form of government we have chosen, and to live under one deriving its powers from its own will, and not from our authority." Resolutions identical in spirit were also passed by Virginia, the following month; in those days the States still considered themselves supreme, the general government subordinate.

To inculcate this proud spirit of the supremacy of the people over their governors was to be the purpose of public education! Pick up to-day any common school history, and see how much of this spirit you will find therein. On the contrary, from cover to cover you will find nothing but the cheapest sort of patriotism, the inculcation of the most unquestioning acquiescence in the deeds of government, a lullaby of rest, security, confidence,—the doctrine that the Law can do no wrong, a Te Deum of the continuous encroachments of the powers of the general government upon the reserved rights of the States, shameless falsification of all acts of rebellion, to put the government in the right and the rebels in the wrong, pyrotechnic glorifications of union, power, and force, and a complete ignoring of the essential liberties to maintain which was the purpose of the revolutionists. The anti-Anarchist law of post-McKinley passage, a much worse law than the Alien and Sedition acts which roused the wrath of Kentucky and Virginia to the point of threatened rebellion, is ex-

alted as a wise provision of our All-Seeing Father in Washington. Such is the spirit of government-provided schools. Ask any child what he knows about Shays's rebellion, and he will answer, "Oh, some of the farmers couldn't pay their taxes, and Shays led a rebellion against the court-house at Worcester, so they could burn up the deeds; and when Washington heard of it he sent over an army quick and taught 'em a good lesson"—"And what was the result of it?" "The result? Why—why—the result was—Oh yes, I remember—the result was they saw the need of a strong federal government to collect the taxes and pay the debts." Ask if he knows what was said on the other side of the story, ask if he knows that the men who had given their goods and their health and their strength for the freeing of the country now found themselves cast into prison for debt, sick, disabled, and poor, facing a new tyranny for the old; that their demand was that the land should become the free communal possession of those who wished to work it, not subject to tribute, and the child will answer "No." Ask him if he ever read Jefferson's letter to Madison about it, in which he says:

"Societies exist under three forms, sufficiently distinguishable. 1. Without government, as among our Indians. 2. Under government wherein the will of every one has a just influence; as is the case in England in a slight degree, and in our States in a great one. 3. Under government of force, as is the case in all other monarchies, and in most of the other republics. To have an idea of the curse of existence in these last, they must be seen. It is a government of wolves over sheep.—It is a problem not clear in my mind that the first condition is not the best. But I believe it to be inconsistent with any great degree of population. The second state has a great deal of good in it. . . . It has its evils, too, the principal of which is the turbulence to which it is subject. . . . But even this evil is productive of good. It prevents the degeneracy of government, and nourishes a general attention to public affairs. I hold that a little rebellion now and then is a good thing."

Or to another correspondent: "God forbid that we should ever be twenty years without such a rebellion! . . . What country can preserve its liberties if its rul-

ers are not warned from time to time that the people preserve the spirit of resistance? Let them take up arms. . . . The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure." Ask any school child if he was ever taught that the author of the Declaration of Independence, one of the great founders of the common school, said these things, and he will look at you with open mouth and unbelieving eyes. Ask him if he ever heard that the man who sounded the bugle note in the darkest hour of the Crisis, who roused the courage of the soldiers when Washington saw only mutiny and despair ahead, ask him if he knows that this man also wrote, "Government at best is a necessary evil, at worst an intolerable one," and if he is a little better informed than the average he will answer, "Oh well, *he* was an infidel!" Catechize him about the merits of the Constitution which he has learned to repeat like a poll-parrot, and you will find his chief conception is not of the powers withheld from Congress, but of the powers granted.

Such are the fruits of government schools. We, the Anarchists, point to them and say: If the believers in liberty wish the principles of liberty taught, let them never intrust that instruction to any government; for the nature of government is to become a thing apart, an institution existing for its own sake, preying upon the people, and teaching whatever will tend to keep it secure in its seat. As the fathers said of the governments of Europe, so say we of this government also after a century and a quarter of independence: "The blood of the people has become its inheritance, and those who fatten on it will not relinquish it easily."

(*To be continued in the next issue.*)

EN ROUTE

IN my last report I remarked that I should not mind the hardships of touring, if only my good star would occasionally let me meet a kindred spirit like Wm. Marion Reedy. I am sorry to say that until now fate, while quite generous with hardships, has not been so with the Reedys. Not that we lack thinking and feeling men and women in America. On the contrary; the number of people in all walks of life who have awakened to the realization of social and economic iniquities is simply astounding. In Kansas City, Mo., a new field to me, I had a constant stream of callers of both sexes. Not mere curiosity seekers, but people intensely interested in Anarchism, eagerly listening to its real meaning. Everyone found life barren and hard to bear; all agreed that ours is the most cruel, heartless, merciless age, with no recognition of individual worth or integrity. Everyone wants a change, but few there are who are willing and strong enough to voice their discontent in a loud, unmistakable protest against our system.

Although Dr. Reitman came to Kansas City but two days in advance of me, and in the very height of the election convulsion, the 2nd of November, he performed the miracle of arranging three meetings: one in Kansas City, Kansas, and two in Kansas City, Mo. The most interesting gathering was at the afternoon meeting of Nov. 6th, quite a number of professional and literary people turning out to hear "The Devil Exonerated." November 2nd and 3rd I lectured in Springfield and Liberal, Mo. In the former, a staunch, devoted, solitary soul, Comrade Fred Young, is making truly heroic efforts to keep our colors flying. The meeting in Liberal, though on election night, was interesting and gratifying because of the quality of the audience. Mostly sturdy farmers, of a simplicity and genuineness of soul that were really refreshing. Mr. Libscomb, who arranged the meeting, is a Socialist, of a tolerance and kindness of spirit that would put to shame the majority of our Eastern Socialists with their frantic effort to appear respectable.

In Omaha, Neb., preparations had been made for my coming some two months ago, a theatre rented, and the city covered with posters and cards. At the very last moment the owner of the theatre backed out, and we were

compelled to look for other quarters. Halls were finally secured, and I was able to deliver eight lectures before fairly good-sized audiences. The most notable event of the week in Omaha was an 11th of November meeting, the first commemoration in this city of that cruel black Friday. It will interest the readers of MOTHER EARTH to know that in 1884 Albert Parsons, while on one of his brilliant lecture tours, also spoke in Omaha. But since that time until the 11th of November, 1908, no one enlightened the people of Omaha as to the greatest crime greed and authority committed in America. The police, who were quite disgusted that I should be allowed to speak, were in full force at our meeting. I was particularly bitter on that evening. Who would not be, with the memory of that horrible outrage of 1887 still turning his blood into fire? Everything went along smoothly that evening. But the next day the bluecoats retaliated with ferocity. They arrested Comrade Herman Michailowitch, a man whose untiring zeal and devotion to the cause compensate one for the lethargy and indifference so often met with in the radical ranks. Another man, who affected the nerves of Omaha's "finest," was brutally beaten on the head and kicked in the abdomen. Thanks to the efforts of a Single Tax friend, L. J. Quinby, Comrade Michailowitch was discharged the following day, while the other chap was kept in the county prison until his bruises would heal up. I hear now that he has been set free and furnished with transportation to South Dakota, his home, but that he is still in a bad condition as a result of the brutality of the police. Still, our good citizens insist that the world would go to perdition if laws and police were put out of business. I wonder how many drubbings the American lover of law will yet receive before he will learn to do without that criminal, vulgar, brutal institution, the police department. Omaha can be proud of one thing, however, the Women's Socialist Union, consisting of a group of women remarkably advanced, broadminded, and eager to keep abreast with modern ideas. It takes a long time before woman breaks with superstition and prejudice. But when she at last makes herself free, she rarely does so halfway, as is the case with most men, though the latter have always enjoyed greater opportunities to think and learn. The members of the little Omaha

group are particularly to be congratulated on having eliminated puritanical mock modesty. The sex question is indeed one of the most vital of our time. Nowhere does one meet such density, such stupidity, as in the question pertaining to love and sex. Even radicals are still permeated with bourgeois morality in matters of sex, thanking the Lord they are not like the other fellows. Not so the women I have met in Omaha. Their breath of view and human appreciation of life's most vital elements were a great joy to me.

How little time and energy is indeed needed to arrange successful meetings for me, has again been demonstrated in Des Moines. Friend Reitman arrived in that city Friday morning, and Sunday we had two large meetings; in fact, so far the most successful on this tour. True, the newspapers and also the Chief of Police of Des Moines contributed to the success. A delegation of Jews and ministers called on the Chief urging him to stop me. To his credit be it said, he displayed greater judgment than is the usual heritage of his colleagues in other cities. He said that I "may" speak if I would observe the law. Fortunately, I am beyond good and evil, as far as laws are concerned. Since I do not believe in the necessity of laws, I am not in a position either to obey or break them. At any rate, no interference took place, and our halls were crowded.

Minneapolis and St. Paul did not make the usual showing. The comrade who arranged the meetings, though very earnest, lacks both experience and judgment, probably also time, as he works hard during the day. The hall was too far from the centre of the city, and but few cards were distributed. However, the situation was partially saved by the energy of Comrade Michailowitch, who had come to Minneapolis, and Dr. Reitman.

Winnipeg is, as ever, a splendid field for Anarchism, if only our Jewish comrades would devote more time to the English-speaking section of their city. But as with us in the States, the Jewish comrades in Winnipeg are still too Jewish, I fear, to really appreciate the great necessity of a wide-spread agitation in the language of the country they live in. At any rate, the Winnipeg comrades were less active in behalf of my meetings than on former occasions.

The Canadians are still in the clutches of the Church, so that no admission can be charged on Sunday, and no literature sold. Yet Sunday is the best day for meetings. There were at least fifteen hundred people at both of my lectures on that day. I also had a debate with one of the leading Socialists, J. D. Houston, who ran as the Socialist party candidate for Parliament. The gentleman put forth the usual argument: "The State is an injurious, invasive institution, but we must make use of it until we have changed the system"; "Parliament has debauched many Socialists, but we must send our men there," etc., etc. However, there is one thing to be said about Mr. Houston—he is at least honest; he admits he knows nothing of Anarchism. He is very young in the Socialist movement, and therefore also knows little of the workings of that party. Else he would realize that, though as yet they have but little power, they have already become arbitrary, despotic, and compromising on every step. What would they be if they really had power? Fortunately the Lord has taken care that trees should not grow into heaven. An amusing feature of the debate was a Jewish convert to Christianity, now minister of the Baptist church which holds its services in the hall rented for the debate. When this soul baiter learned that I was to speak in "his" church, he called the wrath of his Lord and the police on my head, and vowed, cost what may, Emma Goldman shall not speak in Silkirk Hall. To the great chagrin of the pastor, God was busy attending to other matters, and the police refused to interfere. The janitor turned the keys over to us, and on Tuesday morning our boys took possession of the hall. The poor "servant of Christ" was beside himself and offered to pay the expenses and loss, about $130.00, if only Emma Goldman would not "desecrate" his church. Much as MOTHER EARTH needs cash, we refused the offer, as we thought the baptized Reverend needed a lesson.

I left Winnipeg not overburdened with gold, but with the satisfaction that much good had been accomplished by my visit there.

Since I wrote last, my meetings have considerably improved financially, but the net results are still far below those of my last tour, partly because the crisis is only now showing itself in all its cruelty. People were idle all

summer, with no means to prepare for the necessities of the cold season. However, I am hopeful. I feel that though MOTHER EARTH will have to continue in its present form for some time, the danger of discontinuing altogether is past.

With greetings to all my friends,

EMMA GOLDMAN.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE DREAM

WILLIAM MARION REEDY in the St. Louis *Mirror*.

. . . She sees in the world nothing but the material to be remolded into something nearer to her heart's desire. And what is her heart's desire?

Freedom—absolute, unconditional, uninvasive freedom. That is Anarchy. There shall be no constraint of law upon the soul or the body of man. There shall be no duties except one's duty to one's self. There shall be no modification of any right, save a sense of and regard for the rights of others. Each individuality is to be a law unto itself. There shall be no institutions. Man and woman, too, shall be beyond man's rule. And the essence of all relations shall be—love. Free love, ask you? No. Just love, which is not love, if it be not free. Free of all the conventions, free of all ceremony, free of all influence save the promptings of love itself. There shall be no gods, no priests, no rulers, no judges, no policemen in the world she would make over. And before the world can be made over all present institutions must be destroyed —yes, all, except the I. Destroyed, how? By bombs? No. By ideas, by the new ideal of the sacred uninvasive privacy of man's being.

How she burns with the flaming ardor of her apocalyptic vision! How she sees it in the painting of Boecklin and of Stuck, in the rhapsodies of Nietzsche, in the chantings of Whitman and of Edward Carpenter, in the music of Wagner before "Parsifal," in Ibsen's drama, in Hauptmann's mysticism, in Gorky's brutal realism, in Rodin's statues, in D'Annunzio. She can see the airy oriflammes, can hear the dimly rising songs of intellectual revolt. The idea she can feel growing in the minds of thinkers. The ideal she can hear growing in the hearts

of men who are breaking away from the old conventions. "Be thyself," is to be the one adjuration of the new dispensation. "Do as thou wilt," the motto of Rabelais' Abbey of Thelma, is to be the only law. There is to be no war, nor envy, nor hatred, nor jealousy, nor greed, nor hunger, in the new time.

Throwing off all restrictions, toppling down all institutions, man shall be greater than they. He will be one with mighty Nature, his spirit mingling with hers. He will develop without let or hindrance. He shall "sit at wine with the maidens nine," he shall see the things of life as they are. He shall do what manhood bids him do, as the Hadji Abdu El Yezdi declares in the "Kasidah."

Who can resist such visions? Without such vision the people must perish. What is democracy but a step forward to this ideal? If that is the best government which governs least, is not no government at all the *summum bonum?* What use for Church or State if man, with every burden cast off, every bond broken, rises to his full stature and development, with a spirit purified into selflessness by very surrender to the instinct of self! What is this but the sublimation, the apotheosis of Herbert Spencer's enlightened self interest? What is it but Prof. James' Pragmatism—the idea that there is no good but what is good to me?

This doctrine, discussed by this little Russian Jewess with a wealth of quotation from thinkers known and unknown, with the humorous appreciation of one who has known all sorts and conditions of human beings, a woman who has languished in jails and whose picture is in the rogues galleries, a woman who lives her life and asks no quarter from the conventions she defies and despises—this is Anarchy. She doesn't advocate violence. Violence may come. Let it come. It is part of the working of the free human spirits. Law is nothing but the tyranny of a king here, an emperor there, a parliament in another place, a majority everywhere. No man has a right to prescribe for another, or to proscribe another. No one has a right to punish another. No one will injure another in the time to be when laws and institutions being removed shall cease to distort the mind and abort the spirit. Parties are a superstition. Marriage shackles love. Religion stunts the soul, whatever that may be.

This is Emma Goldman's gospel. Is it ugly or brutal or ignorant, or vicious? It is not. It is an aspiration toward and an effort for the perfection of humanity—"the one far off, divine event to which the whole creation moves." This little woman denies law, but she does not invoke it. She lives with another man out of legal wedlock; but she doesn't demand that she be considered respectable. She lives free and is willing to pay the price, in misrepresentation, abuse, poverty, persecution. And amid it all she is serene. She is as one sure that she is sane in a mad world. She is like the immortal Don, invincibly inspired with an ideal that the world can not yet behold with her eyes. Recognizing neither virtues nor vices, she says that both words are the result of the blight of law and custom and rule. And she declares it all with a simple faith and earnestness that command your respect—if you are not a bigot or a reportorial yellow liar like the fellow who reported Miss Goldman's address for the *Republic*.

There is nothing wrong with Miss Goldman's gospel that I can see, except this: She is about eight thousand years ahead of her age. Her vision is the vision of every truly great-souled man or woman who has ever lived. Her proclamation thereof is not equivalent to an incitement to the loosing of man's passions. It is the keeping of the dogs chained that makes them vicious. Laws make, but do not prevent crimes. Institutions cripple men's minds. Let man alone, let him work out his own destiny. As he has come to where he is he has dropped many superstitions, burdens, bonds. In time to come, which Emma Goldman would hasten, he will drop them all and stand forth a very god, finer than all the gods he himself has ever fashioned in his own distorted image.

Does Emma Goldman threaten society? She does. She threatens all society that is sham, all society that is slavery, all society that is a mask of greed and lust. "The spirits of Truth and Freedom," she says with *Lona Hessell* in Ibsen's play, "these are the pillars of society." These she would strengthen and upon them she would arrange such a structure as would represent all the glories latent in the power of human love having full play under limitless liberty.

A dream, you say. But life is death, without the

dream. The dream is the reality to which we move. Therefore say I when we dead awaken to life from our sodden sleep in material content, we shall do so to behold, to grasp, to feel, to yield to the inspiration that carries blithely, through travail and stress and mockery and hatred, toward the goal of universal peace and love and beauty, Emma Goldman, the daughter of the dream.

WILLIAM McQUEEN

By H. KELLY.

THE death of Wm. McQueen from tuberculosis, contracted in the Trenton, N. J., State prison, must be particularly gratifying to the authorities of New Jersey and Washington. It should serve as a warning to misguided individuals who make the cause of the oppressed their own, and step from the domain of thought to that of action. McQueen was one of many Englishmen who persist in believing that free speech and free press are realities in this country, and their illusion is not dissipated till they come here to practice it. The English are usually a sane, if unimaginative, people, and free speech means much more to them than it does to us; so much so that the offence for which our comrade paid with his life would have been treated as a misdemeanor in England, and punishable with one to three months' hard labor instead of five years as here.

As Kropotkin has pointed out, nations—like individuals—have their moral lapses, and the British nation had one during the Boer war. Ethical considerations and elementary principles of justice and fair play were well nigh forgotten during that memorable struggle, and those who dared openly express opinions contrary to those of the mob paid a heavy price. McQueen was very active in his oppostion to the war and an ardent defender of the rights of the Boers. At one of the anti-war meetings held in his native city, Leeds, where he spoke, he was knocked down, trampled on, and all but killed by the mob whose slogan was "my country, right or wrong, but my country." It is more than probable that this and other sad experiences, together with a feeling of disgust at the wanton brutality of his countrymen toward the tiny South African Re-

publics, were the cause of McQueen's coming to America, the land where he met his Waterloo.

Exasperated by long-continued injustice, the silk workers of Paterson declared a strike in the year 1902. One of the meetings held by the strikers, and at which McQueen spoke, was followed by a riot, and some property was damaged and destroyed. For this Wm. McQueen and Rudolf Grossman were arrested and afterwards condemned to five years' penal servitude at Trenton. Both men were released on bail pending an appeal, and both left the country. McQueen subsequently returned and was sent to Trenton to serve his five years. Released on parole after serving a little over three years, he returned to England to die. The hectic flush was on his cheeks when he left here, and comrades who saw him at the time foretold the end in spite of his optimism and plans for the future. Anxious, no doubt, to be beside the father of her children, his wife came here with her three little ones while he was in prison, only to be deported by the immigration authorities at Ellis Island, presided over by the ex-labor leader Frank Sargent. On her arrival in England the steamship company sequestered the poor woman's baggage for the return fares and declined to give them up until the money was paid, which, we believe, was done after an appeal to her friends, most of whom were as poor as herself. Unable to work after his return to England, McQueen was forced to appeal for aid to comrades there and here to keep him and his family from hunger. Some money was raised, but the amount was not large; there is no doubt his last days were spent amidst suffering and poverty. H. G. Wells, the distinguished English writer, took up the case during his visit to this country and, according to his own story published in *Harper's Weekly*, visited many prominent men at Washington, Trenton, and Paterson in McQueen's behalf. To his great amazement he found that all attempts to have the sentence reduced were frustrated at Washington by that grand inquisitor, Roosevelt, although it was a matter not within the province of the Federal government. While Roosevelt was not specified by name, there was no room for doubt as to who was meant, and once more we had an illustration of what could be expected if this tyrant had more power. The authorities at Trenton and Pater-

son feared not only Washington, but the "business men" of the State, and although they were inclined to think the law amply justified and vengeance fully satisfied, they were too cowardly to oppose these interests. Being one of the greatest English writers of this generation, and because of the publicity accorded him, it was inevitable that after Mr. Wells' energetic participation in the case, McQueen should be released. Perhaps, too, the authorities preferred he should die outside of prison and thus deflect public attention from them. How forcibly the words of young Emile Henry come to our mind, as we remember his reply to the judge who taunted him with being a coward and that his bomb had killed "innocent people." "Innocent people! And pray, who is innocent, and who guilty? Upon what ground, except the law of might, can you justify your right to luxurious living and others to starvation. And since when have you and yours concerned yourselves with the sufferings of innocent people? Was it when you sent men to prison or the scaffold for their opinions and sentenced innocent women and children to privation and hunger?" An unanswerable argument, yet impossible of application, you may say. Perhaps, but the crimes of society, like the mercy of God (?) endureth forever. One more victim has paid the penalty for his interest in his fellow man; one more crime recorded against property, law, and authority; and yet, as Ravachol said, "while one man dies of indigestion by the side of another who dies of hunger, the struggle will still go on."

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J. WILLIAM LLOYD AND HIS MESSAGE

By LEONARD D. ABBOTT.

THE traveller alighting from the railway train at Westfield, New Jersey, finds himself in a township of more than usual charm and attractiveness. Green trees overhang the station, and the village post-office and livery stables and real estate bureaus loom up pleasantly through the foliage. If he traverses the main street and walks on, past a lake and a little white church, toward the open country beyond, the first grateful impression is sure to be emphasized. The farther he gets

from the railway station, the richer the view becomes. And if he turns from the road, about a mile from the village, along a lane through the fields, he will discover a valley, at first hidden, gradually opening up before him, and after a few minutes will emerge in a clearing on which stands a solitary cottage. This is the home of J. William Lloyd.

Lloyd is one of the most interesting figures in the radical movement in America to-day. He is a poet; a naturalist; a vital and original thinker on social and philosophical topics; and, back of all, a great personality. His career has been both varied and romantic. He has been, in turn, carpenter, gardener, herder, homesteader, orange grower, farm laborer. He is also something of a doctor and knows how to nurse a patient. He spent one summer among the Indians in Arizona, faithfully transcribing their chants and legends. For years he wandered over Kansas, Iowa, Florida, living the life of a pioneer, taking part in a radical colony. But in the end he has returned to Westfield, his native place.

The first thing one feels about Lloyd is a primitive and elemental quality. He is a friend to the birds and the squirrels, and perfectly at home in the open air. It is easy to believe his statement that a cow-path interests him more than the Appian Way. The week-day visitor will probably find him working in his garden, or attending to the manifold duties connected with his homestead. "I never feel so sane, manly, right," he has said, "as when, stripped to my working skin, the blood of the earth on my hands, with rough weapons of work, I am beating my way through some rude conquest of physical toil. That is what nature meant me for. To steer a plow I think infinitely more delightful than to drive a carriage. I could sing to see the fat earth curl away like a wave." But if he is primitive and natural, he is also subtle. His brain is as strong as his hand. At a desk in his study, flanked by portraits of Darwin and Thoreau, Morris and Whitman, Crosby and Markham, he has written and is writing the poems, the articles, and the books that are carrying his name to the ends of the earth.

His earliest poetic work is embodied in "Wind-Harp Songs":

I sing a wind-harp song,
Dreamily musical,
Strange and faint and clear;
Beneath the steady stars,
Thro' the dim, sweet night,
Floating,
Mystically floating.

The dominant note in this book is lyrical. The poet sings of the old themes—of love, of nature, and of liberty—with rare skill and witchery. As yet his social and philosophical side is undeveloped. It is in "Dawn-Thought on the Reconciliation, A Volume of Pantheistic Impressions and Glimpses of Larger Religion" that we get the first large expression of his personal philosophy and outlook. He says that the idea for the book came to him as an illumination, as a flash of "cosmic consciousness," and that the writing of it changed the current of his whole life.

The motive of "Dawn-Thought" is briefly this: There is but One, call it what we please, the Universe, or God, or anything else. Everything is part of, and contributes to, this central unity. We imagine that we are separate beings, but that is only a "working fiction" of the universe. In the ultimate, and in the deepest sense, we are inseparable. This idea can best be understood by comparing the universe to a shattered sphere. Every piece is imperfect, being less than the sphere, and of another shape. Only when all fit together again in the order of their breaking is harmony restored, and this not for each, as a separate one, but for all together as One.

With convincing eloquence and poetic fervor Lloyd develops this central theme. He does not pretend to have solved the riddle of life; he simply offers this working hypothesis. Its implications, in all their detail, cannot be more than hinted at within the limits of this article. Suffice it to say that Lloyd finds in his hypothesis a reason for living ("life is growth, and growth is toward the light"); that he offers a reconciliation of the bewildering dualities that beset every attempt to construct a rational life-philosophy, by pointing out that all forces, evil and good alike, tend toward one end and ideal; that he anticipates a future religion that shall be truly synthetic because including the best features of every re-

ligion hitherto existing; and that he looks, above all, to an increasing *freedom* of spirit and of life. "Inevitably," he says, "this philosophy leads to freedom in its widest. It liberates from all laws, rules, codes, dogmas, formulas. These are indeed seen to be useful, but only as guides, working-plans, advices, tools. They are not finalities or masters."

"Dawn-Thought" is a unique work, of powerful and penetrating influence. It has been published in several editions and has come as a great liberating message to many. It brought its author letters from thinkers all over the world, even from Australia.

Entirely different in tone and character are Lloyd's two idyllic romances, "The Natural Man" and "Dwellers in Vale Sunrise." Here the philosopher becomes merged in the social idealist, and Lloyd is revealed as a man dominantly concerned with the problem of harmonious living.

The "natural man" of Lloyd's imagination is a young American of surpassing physical beauty who feels that "in becoming civilized, human beings have forgotten the art of happiness," and who believes in living "like a child and close to nature." This is the picture we get of him: "Imagine a man, in conversation naïve as a child, sometimes shy and sensitive, sometimes bold, eloquent, and enthusiastic, but always saying the most startling things in the most sincere and persuasive way; a poet; a sculptor, or at least a carver; a musician who wanders through the deep woods at midnight and flutes divinely to the moon; who reads Greek and Latin; who wears no more clothing than the weather and society's prejudices force him to; who sleeps out-doors in summer and often in winter; who hunts with the bow and arrow; who rides bareback; carries great weights on his head; lives in a half-cave and in the midst of a happy family of dogs, goats, cows, horses, squirrels, snakes, birds, and bees; is as frankly pagan as a Greek, and a gentle contemner of all conventionalities and sacred institutions."

This hermit-philosopher in course of time feels the call of a larger world. He mates with a great-hearted woman, and they become the leaders of a group of "dwellers in Vale Sunrise." The second book is thus a

sequel, and describes the development of an Arcadian community.

The two watch-words of the group are Liberty and Comradeship. The communist ideal prevails. Land is owned collectively. The village includes artists, musicians, poets; Chinese, Indians, even negroes. Every home is individual and different, and the folk-hall, or "Council House," unites them all. There is just one thing that nobody will tolerate here, namely, the attempt to "dominate, dictate, interfere with or coerce anybody, for any purpose whatever," or to treat anybody with disrespect. One of the most significant passages in "Dwellers in Vale Sunrise" deals with love-relations in this ideal community. "The prevailing spirit here," we read, "is more than Indian-like in its simplicity. All such matters are considered utterly private and personal, and it is universally considered ill-bred and indelicate to publish, comment on, or take any notice of them with reference to particular events or couples. It is universally agreed to, too, that legal interference here is impertinent, invasive of private right, and injurious, but as we live in the United States and do not wish trouble with the authorities, it is usual for two members who wish to live as mates to go through with the simplest ceremony the law will accept. That is all. As to the tribe itself, the whole matter is silently accepted or, if you will, gracefully ignored. There is no ceremony; no one offers congratulations or gifts, except, perhaps, the most personal friend in the most private and delicate manner."

"The Natural Man" and "Dwellers in Vale Sunrise" belong to the realm of poetic fancy; they are full of joyous innocence. They unloose the imagination and help us to realize something of the potentialities of life in this often wearisome and depressing world. They make no dogmatic demands upon us. The author has himself inscribed in "The Natural Man": "It is not meant, O Reader, that you should live life as this man lived it, but only that you should fearlessly and gladly live your own life."

Lloyd feels that the most authentic and original part of his message is that which has to do with sex and marriage. His attitude here is very radical; but it is in

harmony with the time-spirit. Much the same views as those he formulates have been worked out by independent thinkers in other parts of the world. Moses Harman and Edward Carpenter are two names that occur in this connection. The problems of sex are bound to loom larger and larger in the future.

The strongest tendencies of our time are undoubtedly making for a greater freedom in love and in marriage. If humanity is to develop truthfully and beautifully, there must be more freedom in sex-matters. But to leap to the conclusion, as so many people do, that a greater freedom will necessarily mean more *license*, is to take an attitude quite unwarranted by experience. To cherish a free spirit; to make one's decisions out of one's own conscience, unhampered by tradition; to become utterly responsible for one's own action in all its implications—is simply to become a mature and thinking being. "Freedom means responsibility," writes Bernard Shaw, with rare intuition; "that is why most men dread it."

In his attitude toward sex Lloyd is always high and pure. His spirit is well summed up in this invocation from one of his poems:

> O Love, be great, that all my soul
> May worship thee, and find Control
> And Largeness written on thy scroll.

"Sex," he says, "must become a religion"; and again: "The true marriage is the holiest and most religious thing in the universe." The most radical part of his message lies in his denial of the worth and beauty of the monogamic ideal. "We are never satisfied," he contends, "by one love, however beautiful; we are never satisfied, and no matter what our vows, our sacraments, our rebukes of conscience, our dream of fidelity, our yearnings for constancy, our fancy will stray, our love will go out to other beautiful souls and bodies in whom the Divine is also revealed. Nevertheless, it is through the 'grand passion,' the centering of our greatest and richest love in one, that we are best able to normally love these others, and bring them into normal love-relations with ourselves."

Lloyd has elaborated these views in a book of poems entitled "Psalms of the Race-Roots," and in a prose-work, "The Larger Love." Both are still in manuscript.

They plead for a revolution in our sex-ideals; for a scientific system of eugenics; for open-eyed and open-minded action in matters that touch the deepest interests of humanity and involve the whole future of the race. These are extremist documents. They are bound to be misunderstood. From my own individual point of view they are too ready to assume that the human instinct is "varietist," and too ready to ignore the age-long, deep-rooted instinct favoring loyal and faithful union between one man and one woman. But they represent an earnest and fearless effort to enunciate a logical and liberating sex-philosophy. There is a section of humanity for whom Lloyd's teaching will always be true. That is why his point of view is vital, and why it deserves the fullest and freest expression.

Some of Lloyd's most characteristic writing is to be found in articles that he has contributed from time to time to radical journals. Years ago he wrote for Benjamin R. Tucker's *Liberty*. For a while he published and edited his own *Free Comrade*, a little eight-page monthly, with a red heart on the cover and the fine motto: "The clear eye, the free brain, the red heart, the warm hand—Manhood in Comradeship." Nowadays he writes every month for *The Ariel*.

In his social philosophy Lloyd is both Socialist and Anarchist—Socialist in his immediate attitude, Anarchist in his ultimate ideal. To the ordinarily accepted Socialist platform he adds a demand for "the right of secession." No social organization, he maintains, should be so tight as to refuse to the individual at any time the right to withdraw from it and to lead his own life apart from it, if he so wills. "The greatest need of Socialism to-day, as a world-movement," he says, in one of his *Ariel* articles, "is the incorporation and reconciliation within it of the passionate solidarity of the communist with the passionate self-sovereignty of the individualist —the love of humanity with the vindication of the inner law. The spirit of these freely fused into something greater than either." And again he declares: "Yes, I am Socialist and yes, I am Anarchist. Between these two stools do I come to the ground? Perhaps, but it is good ground, and as I sit there my arms go very lovingly around each stool, and I find that by their aid

I can very easily rise to my feet again. Suppose it should appear that there was nothing Socialism so needed as a sufficient infusion of Anarchism, that there was no other way so swift to ideal Anarchism as through Socialism?"

Humanism, he says in another place, is the word that best describes this attitude; and he explains: "My humanism means *love of the human.* It is really the underlying and often unconscious motive of one half the world's activities. It is of the heart. It is an instinct made conscious and elevated into a cult and a practical religion. It is not ethics, but the spirit of ethics. It is the old clannish loyalty and communism of the tribe enlarged until it includes the whole human race, without distinction of race, sex, merit. It is gregariousness. It is the true patriotism of man. It is the tie of the human family. It is the deepest and best well-spring of good in our nature—the passion, sympathy, enthusiasm of the human for the human."

To-day, J. William Lloyd is fifty-one years old, hale and hearty and bronzed. His dominant color is brown. He wears brown fabrics, corduroys and chamois, and his beard is brown; but his twinkling eyes are gray. He lives with his sister and his son. The household used to be four when Oriole, his daughter, was living. She established a little printing shop back of the cottage, and published William Morris's "King's Lesson" and some of her father's poems in dainty brochures. There were larger projects in view, but they were checked by the relentless hand of death.

If Lloyd is not as widely known as he ought to be, it is largely because of his hermit life, his self-effacement. It interests him to do good work rather than to talk about it. He has more significance for the radical movement than we realize yet—this quiet thinker, this reconciler of the older Emersonian philosophy with the Socialism and Anarchism of to-day, this man who unites in his own person the serene reticence of the Buddhist and the primitive traits of a North American Indian. His thought has been forged out of his own experience and heart's blood. He is a free spirit, asking only that he may be allowed to develop in his own way, and claiming the same right for all others. "I am no man's disciple," he affirms, "nor do I want anyone to be mine.

If a man wanted to be my disciple, I would say to him: In your *own* soul is a seed which never has been or can be in any other soil. Find it, appreciate it, cultivate it; and when it shall have grown into a stately and fruitful tree after its own kind—and you have forgotten me in evolving it—you will be my disciple."

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